GERMANS STIRRED UP

Great Interest Shown in the New Commercial Treaties.

Caprivi Replies to the Agrarians-Von Marschall Also Talks in the Reichstag-Other Fatherland Topics.

(Copyrighted, 1803, by the Associated Press.) BERLIN, Nov. 25 .- The Reichstag, after five days' vacation, yesterday began its deliberation of the commercial treaties proposed between Germany and Roumania, Servia and Spain. The fate of these measures was regarded as doubtful until Chancellor Caprivi made a firm speech in support of them yesterday evening. It is recognized on all sides that the Chancellor made a decided hit when he remarked, referring to the attacks made on him on the ground that he did not possess an acre of land, and therefore was not an interested party, would the Agrarians have considered to their taste if he had been a landed proprietor and up to the lips in debt. "Since when," he asked, "had Germany sunk so I'w that self-interest was to be regarded as the chief motive of the servants of the State?" The Chancellor then assured the Agrarians that he had brought the whole strength of his mind to the study of the agricultural question, and said that he had arrived at the conclusion that the chief ailment of husbandry was the excessive burdening of the land with debt, and that the conversion of Germany from an exporter of grain into an importer of grain, and the scarcity of laborers, was due to the attraction exercised upon the farming communities by the great industrial centers. It is generally believed by the best informed politicians to-day that the admirable defense of the treaties made by the Chancellor assures their safety in spite of any opposition which may be brought to bear

Secretary of State Von Marschall's opening speech also made a deep impression upon the Reichstag. He succeeded in showing that while a refusal to vote the treaties would not benefit the landed proprietors in any way it would hurt all other interests. But, at the best, the majority in favor of the treaties will not be large, and the same uncertainty prevails in regard to every other public question. Never before have the affairs of the country been stirred up to such a degree as at present. Nearly every party, with the exception of the Socialists and Herr Richter's wing of the Freisinnige party, is divided upon every proposition made by the government and an equally disturbed state of affairs seem to prevail upon every proposition made by the different parties. The new proposed taxes on tobacco, wine and receipts continue to meet with growing and formidable opposition from all parties. At Thursday's meeting of the bankers, who assembled in order to enter a vigorous protest against the proposed stamp tax, very strong words were uttered, and it was decided to do everything possible to prevent this taxation. The meeting was of special importance in view of the fact that every banking institution, including those whose connections with the government were well known. represented. Their resolutions declared that not only the exchange business but the whole trade of Germany would suffer immensely from the tax. The capital represented at the meeting was about

Upon the resumption of the debate in the Reichstag to-day Herr Hammerstein, Conservative, warmly attacked Chancellor Von Caprivi's speech of yesterday, saying that if the Chancellor's remark that he could no nger agree with the Conservatives implied his separation from them they must dapt themselves to the new situation, but the speaker doubted whether government was possible in Germany or Prussia without the aid of the Conservatives. Formerly they had looked to the government for help in critical moments; now, while admitting the prevalent agricultural distress, the Chancellor was unable to hit upon a plan to relieve it. The prestige of the goverament was thus reduced, according to Herr Hamerstein, to a level quite out of keeping with old Prussian traditions. In conclusion. Herr Hammerstein strongly op-

Secretary of State Von Marschall, replying to Herr Hammerstein, said that he was still waiting to hear evidence adduced that the treaties were injurious to the agricultural interests. The government, he added, was not fighting the Conservatives as such, but only opposed them when they pursued a course inimical to the welfare of the empire. Continuing, Von Marschall said that when fifteen years ago he himself advocated a moderate duty on cereals, ne was regarded as an extreme agrarian. For a state like Germany, a conventional tariff was absolutely necessary, as, with out it, it was impossible to adequately protect all branches of national industry. Agriculture, Secretary Von Marschall said could gain nothing by a rejection of treaty with Roumania, while, on the other hand, German industries would suffer and with them the working classes and, therefore, agriculture would also be affected indirectly. Ultimately the treaties were referred to both Freisinnige parties, the people's party and the Socialists, and the Reichstag adfourned until Monday, when the budget will be discussed.

UNIVERSAL SUFFRAGE. The Freisinnige bill, which has been submitted to the Reichstag, demanding universal, equal and direct suffrage, proposes to give representation to every one hundred thousand persons, and its effect would be to increase the number of members of the Reichstag to 500, and to largely increase the representation of all large cities, giving Berlin eighteen seats. The bill has not the slightest chance of being passed and the Socialist bill proposing to make everybody above the age of twen-ty eligible to vote without distinction as to sex is regarded as an untimely joke. The woman's movement in Germany moves entirely in a different direction from that of American women and has never included female suffrage among its aspir-

The German delegates to the woman's congress at the world's fair never spoke during the discussion of female suffrage. It should be added, however, that men of undoubted conservative persuasion will assist in the German women's movement, because it directs its efforts simply to the elevation of women in social circles. A high school for females was opened only a month ago, the first of its kind in Prussia, for preparing girls for a university course. It will shortly be put under the patronage of Empress Frederick. It is believed that the Socialists, by their bill, simply intended carrying their agitation into the wide class of bourgeois women, where, however, they are likely to find but small sympathy. Another mode of promoting the Socialist propaganda was recently adopted in the rural districts. Members of the party, disguised as hawkers, visited the houses of easants under the pretext of selling wares, but really in order to distribute Socialist prints. The Socialists are holding numerous meetings in order to protest

against the proposed increase of the tobacco duty. Emperor William's speech to the naval re-

cruits at Kiel is renewed evidence of the deep personal interest he takes in such services. After exhorting the recruits to behave in exemplary manner towards foreigners, the Emperor concluded with the remark: "My eyes watch over everything, and those who fulfill their duty may be certain of my gratitude The Associated Press learns that the warning published in several of the prominent papers to the effect that the government

will give no subsidy to Germans exhibiting at the midwinter exposition at San Francisco has no official origin. The National Zeitung says that it is not to be expected that the government demands for colonial purposes will this year be granted without considerable stormy debating in the Reichstag. Parliament is asked to vote an additional million marks, or 3,500 .-600 marks in all, for German East Africa and \$00,000 marks for German southwest Africa; Togo-Leovers pays its own expenses. and has a small surplus, and the same may be said in regard to the Cameron territory. The confidence of the German settlers in the government has been restored, and it is. olieved that the new agreement regarding boundary regulations with England will not ead to any discussion worth mentioning. Herr Eugene Wolff, who during the term of Governor Von Soden in Africa, was forsidden to remain in German east Africa, and who was recently received by Chancellor Von Caprivi, is now at liberty to resume his explorations, should be desire to do so. It appears that the conversation which the explorer had with the Chancellor tended to

African colony was based upon facts, and I meals here.

that the Governor was mistaken in his treatment of the natives, as well as in the manner in which he ruled the colonists. It has been stated that Herr Wolf was in-vited to resume his explorations in Africa, but it is now understood that Herr Wolf has not been asked to enter the imperial service, and that he would not enter the service even if he were asked; but the explorer's banishment has been ended. Among the emblems proposed by Roynhold Begas, the sculptor, to adorn the na-tional monument to be erected in accordance with the vote of the Reichstag to Emperor William I in Berlin were a ballot-box, the tables of law, a laurel wreath and a cross, representing in the first two emblems the participation of the people in the shaping of public affairs. But the Em-peror has ordered Begas to remove these emblems, saying that the monument is not to be a people's monument, but a dynastic monument. It will be remembered that soon after the death of Emperor William I the Reichstag, acting under high patriotic pressure, voted unanimously (the Socialists leaving the hall) the sum of ten million

marks for this monument. A new political departure has been taken by the government as to the way of treatng press statements and attacks on the vernment, or on the parties connected with it. Hitherto such attacks have been allowed to remain unanswered for weeks, even in the case of Herr Ahlwardt's pamphlet. The latter received no reply from the Secretary of War for fully a month. Now, hardly twenty-four hours are allowed to pass before the false reports are corrected by the Reichsanzeiger, the that he would have been a Chancellor more | semi-official newspaper. It seems that a very strict watch is kept over the press and political meetings, and almost daily now the Official Gazette hastens to contradict statements which might mislead public

> With Prince Bismarck's improved health ome of his admirers have begun again to force news into publicity which might have a tendency to once more raise a bitter feeling between the Prince and the Emperor. The Associated Press, however, is in a position to know that everything will be avoided by the government which might destroy the effect of Emperor William's ecent advances to Bismarck. The American Thanksgiving dinner in this city will be celebrated in great style. Last year the American doctors of this city arranged the dinner; this year the committee constituted itself out of all parties and passed a rule that no foreigner whatever should be invited to the American feast, leaving the wine question, which was

sador Runyon will preside. TOBACCO SMOKE DISINFECTS. Dr. Norman Kerr Thinks It Has Some

a disturbing element at the last dinner, to

be decided by each guest present. Embas-

Power for Good. Westminster Gazette. Why one should associate a teetotaler say; but one does, and that is why I brought this matter under Dr. Kerr's notice. The inmates who had been great smokers, or who had been in the habit of chewing tobacco, had not been touched by the epidemic. Nearly every man in the workhouse was or had been a smoker, and the statistics of the epidemic showed that only eighty-three men had been attacked as ompared with 160 women.

"Is, then, tobacco a disinfectant? "I "It is not easy, nor is it wise, to reason upon such a case without full knowledge of the facts. It is very easy to mistake the effect for the cause. But I am quite sure that tobacco smoking does act as disinfectant. I do not smoke now at all. used to smoke, and I always made a point of smoking in cases of cholera, and in every other kind of infectious disease, when could manage it, and especially when attending patients in the hospital or on board

"You regard it, then, as a thorough disnfectant?" "No, not as a thorough disinfectant; but t is a disinfectant. It has some power, and especially if a person has not a good quare meal inside him. Then it has an effect in warding off an infectious disease." "I should have thought that smoking, tending to depress the nervous system, would have laid the smoker open to the in-

"Yes, you must remember I have spoken of a man with whom smoking does not disagree. A good deal depends on the idiosyncracy of the person who smokes. If he cannot stand smoking well then it may depress his heart action and enfeeble his constitution, and so lessen the resisting power to throw off the infectious germs. But, on broad, general grounds, I am decidedly of opinion, from my own experience and observation, that tobacco smoking-other things being equal-does give any one exposed to infection a considerable amount of immunity. And then smoking has a disinfectant power on the microbes themselves. The smoke being retained in the mouth is a sort of disinfecting filter through which the germs have to pass. and some of them certainly are destroyed, or at least deprived of their vitality. "It is recorded that Tassinari found that tobacco smoke, on being passed through the interior of hollow bulbs lined with gelatine containing disease germs, for from ten to thirty minutes, destroyed the bacilli of Asiatic cholera and pneumonia. "I would add it is always desirable to have a good square meal before one goes where there is any kind of infectious disease, especially in diphtheria and fevers of all kinds. I always make it a rule to go with a full stomach when I am called into the midst of infected districts. On one occasion, some years ago, I had to see, in succession, three very infectious cases, all most serious, in the houses of the poor. There were two typhus fever cases, and the ast was diphtheria. They were in a fright-'ul condition, and so were the rooms, and felt as if I had inhaled the poison all through my system. It was two and a half hours since I had had my breakfast.

Belts and Collars.

trouble.

I left my carriage, jumped into a hansom.

and went straightway to Birch's and had a basin of turtle soup. I had no further

By her belt and her collar must you know her-this fin de siecle young woman of To order of one's own modest couturiere a smart belt and collar seems a simple affair, but only the victim knows the pathetic shopelessness of ever attaining just that bias, just that stretch, height or depth which mark "artiste" on the gowns of the initiate.

Observe them well as you walk on the avenue and see how sensibly you fall to udging the girl by her belt. They become a fascinating study. Here an aristocratic belt, fitting to the svelte form as if to the manor born. There the nouveau riche. It came from the same establishment, but how uneasy and awry it seems. Then the "would-be-but-can'ts." They send a shiver down your back. And then come the prim, the neat, the lazy or the wishy-washy belts of the countless and commonplace army of the "no name series." The belt and collar of the present styles can only come from two sources-the Maison de Nouveautes of high degree or from one's own unerring taste and judgment.

Noble Prohibitionists.

New York Tribune. Temperance seems to be making rapid headway among the aristocracy of Great citain. Not only has the young Duchess Sutherland joined the Duchess of Eedford, Lady Henry Somerset, the Countess of Carlisle and other titled ladies as a blic speaker in behalf of the cause, but he Earl of Carlisle has just given a practial illustration of his belief in the evils of drink by destroying the whole of his celeated cellar, the fame of which extended beyond the shores of England. Lord Cormantown, too, has converted all the lauor shops on his large estates into temperance hotels, following the example of the Prince of Wales, who will not tolerate a single public house on his Sandringham property.

Avoiding a Mix.

The minister had called at a house on Second avenue to find no one but the servant girl at home, and as he prepared to go away he said: "Give Mrs. Blank my best regards, and say I will call to-morrow. "Very well, sir. Will you leave your

"Oh, it's of no consequence." "But it is, sir. There's one man coming to whitewash the kitchen to-morrow; another to beat the carpets; a third to paper, and a fourth to do some painting. If you don't leave your card we may get you all mixed up and take you for the second-hand man who is coming to buy the old range

He left it. Exiled for Striking a Soldier.

New York Tribune. A Russian officer has just been exiled to Siberia after being subjected to military degradation for striking one of the soldiers under his command. Contrary to the genral impression, far more friendly and considerate relations exist between officers and men in the Muscovite army than in that of Gemany, and on one occasion the well-known General Heymann was obliged to apologize and to embrace in the resence of an entire brigade a young lossack whom he had threatened to thrash with his driving-whip. General Kallta, on he other hand, was exiled to Siberla for putting a similar threat into execution.

Had Been a Waiter.

ARDLAMONT MYSTERY

Murder Case That Is Attracting Attention in Scotland.

Alfred Monson Charged with Shooting Lieutenant Hambrough for Insurance Money.

(Copyrighted, 1893, by the Associated Press.) EDINBURGH, Nov. 25 .- In the Sheriff's Court, this city, to-day, Alfred Monson was charged with trying to drown Lieut. Windsor Hambrough in Ardlamont bay on Aug. 9, and with murdering him in a wood on the following day by shooting. The murder of Lieutenant Hambrough, or the "Ardlamont mystery," as it is called, remains shrouded in almost as much mystery now as it was in August last when it first attracted the attention of the English and Scotch press. The scene of the tragedy is almost as familiar to Americans as to British tourists. It is situated in one of the lovilest parts of the Clyde, at the entrance of the famous Kyles of Bute, and only about twenty minutes steam from Rothesay, the loveliest seaside resort in Scotland. The persons chiefly concerned in the tragedy are Lieutenant Hambrough, the victim; Alfred Monson, now under arrest under suspicion, and a mysterious person named "Scott," who perhaps has more to tell than anyone else, but who disappeared shortly after the death of Hambrough, and has not been seen or heard of

Windsor Dudley Cecil Hambrough was the eldest son of Mr. Dudley Hambrough, of the Isle of Wight. He would have attained his majority early next year. He was a lieutenant in the Yorkshire Regiment, and his father is a justice of the peace for Hampshire. Mr. Hambrough resides principally at Stockbridge. In the course of an interview Hambrough's father said he was introduced to Monson, his son's guardian and tutor, in June, 1890, and, being satisfied with Monson's capability, he placed his son under his charge. After a time, as the result of various matters which "I would like to inquire, with the chair's came to his attention, Mr. Hambrough permission," said a lean man with a bald Wherever young Hambrough went Monson followed, and he exercised so great an influence over his pupil that the latter simply ignored his own people, and was led entirely by Monson. The father expressed the opinion that the tutor had some hypnotic influence over his son. At all events, the two were inseparable, and all Mr. Hambrough's entreaties were useless to prevail upon his son to return home. Alfred John Monson, the prisoner, is the third son of the late Rev. Thomas Monson. a Yorkshire rector, his mother being a daughter of the fifth Viscount Galaway. Monson is in his thirty-fourth year. His father was a son of the second Baron Monson and grand uncle of the present Lord Oxenbridge. He is married and has three children. The prisoner seems to have been continually in financial difficulties, and wherever he went he left behind him the reputation of a man who did not pay his debts promptly. Monson had, moreover, passed the bankruptcy court some time ago. The third person, "Scott," who was with Hambrough and Monson when the former was killed, is still at large, and his identity remains a mystery. Ardlamont House, the scene of the tragedy, is owned by a Major Lamont, who lets it during the shooting season. Shortly before the date of Hambrough's death it had been taken by Monson, who was residing there with Hambrough and his Before proceeding to the details of the murder it will be as well to relate the story of a boating accident which occurred at Ardlamont, on Aug. 9, the day before Hambrough's death. This so-called accident was not taken much notice of at the time of the tragedy, but, in the light of

subsequent events, it was regarded as of great importance and it is said that it will form part of the most damaging evidence at the trial. The afternoon in question, while Hambrough, Monson and "Scott" went fishing in the bay, in a small boat belonging to the estate, the boat suddenly began to fill with water. Hambrough, who was rowing, seeing the boat filling, pulled with ail speed towards the shore, but before reaching land the craft capsized, throwing the three men into the water. Hambrough, who could not swim, got upon a rock, but Monson struck out for the shore. He then got another boat and transferred Hambrough to it. Instead of returning, the pair again rowed into the bay and, curiously enough, the second boat sank in shallow water and the two men had to wade ashore. On the following morning, Aug. 10, at about 7 o'clock, Monson, Hambrough and "Scott" started on a shooting expedition which proved so fatal to the young lieutenant. It is conjectured that the three men struck out in different directions and got to a part of the wood which is thick

with undergrowth. Whatever happened at the time the fatal shot was fired can only be known to Monson and "Scott." Monson's statement is that, hearing a shot, he shouted out to Hambrough: have you got," and, receiving no answer, went on a bit further and found the young man lying dead. After lifting the body out of the ditch in which it was lying, Mon-son and "Scott" returned to the house, Soon afterward the remains were taken to Ventnor, Isle of Wight, where Hambrough's parents were living, and were On Aug. 27 it was decided to arrest Mon-

son and he was taken into custody. Mon-

son was apparently much surprised and greatly shocked. The news of his arrest soon spread and caused the greatest commotion. The prisoner was incarcerated at Invernary, and, after a preliminary examination, was committed to prison. The wood where Hambrough was shot was carefully examined and the gravest suspicions of foul play were entertained. It was found that large insurances had been effected on Hambrough's life and that unsuccessful attempts had been made by Monson to obtain further insurances. The Montreal Life Insurance Company, of New York, had issued two policies of \$10,000 each on Hambrough's life. It was explained that Monson's wife was to advance £20,000 for the purchase of Ardlamont, and in order to secure her the policies were to be assigned to her. As a result of the highly suspicious circumstances of the case a postmortem examination was held, and it was ascertained that the fatal bullets after passing through the back of the head tore away a portion of the ear. Dr. Eittlejohn, who made the examination, said that in his estimation Hambrough did not meet death by his own carelessness. In the opinion of medical experts the fatal shot was fired from a distance of not less than fourteen paces and the theory that the deceased shot himself was entirely disposed of. Then again the bullets were discovered in trees in the wood where Hambrough died, about on a level with the deceased man's head. No cartridges similar to those which killed Hambrough were found in the latter's pockets. Shortly after this Monson was fully committed for trial on the charge of Monson looked well and unconcerned, and chatted cheerfully with his counsel. The

only lasted two minutes. HOW TO COOK BIRDS.

Helpful Suggestions Useful During the Game Season.

New York Tribune. The season of game is here, but not until the frost has covered the small pools with a scum of ice will game birds be in prime condition. It is not alone the frosty air and blue skies of November that tempt the sportsman over its mist-clad lakes and hills, but the actual superiority of all water fowl at this season. The finest of ducks, even the aristocratic canvasback, has sad lapses in diet when he leaves his wild celery beds and takes up a regimen of fish that gives him the flavor of a "mud hen." Exactly what are his reasons for this, no sportsman or naturalist can tell you any more than the marketman can tell you whether the canvasback duck on his stall is flavored with fish or celery. Yet many a gourmand's dinner is spoiled because the canvasback duck has this unaccountable idiosyncrasy. Perhaps the bird is wearied out with his long struggle with the redhead, blackhead and other ducks that follow after him to feed on the result of his industry. though the canvasback is a strong diver and an industrious bird, like many plodding people, he is not remarkably intelligent, and it is ten chances to one that he is robbed of his labor by a horde of less worthy ducks that follow. The valisneria, a root on which canvasbacks feed, and which is called "wild celery," is in no way related to the celery of our gardens, but is an aquatic plant more familiarly known as eel grass. Only a few water fowl, if any, are pure vegetarians, and their flesh is in prime condition only when they are. A great many housekeepers are chary about cooking game, as though there were some mystery in its proper preparation, and a good deal of nonsense has been talked about "rare" game which has perplexed and Proprietor of Restaurant-Yes, I want to | warned off the ordinary person, who has no explorer had with the Chancellor tended to prove to the latter that Herr Wolf's critties of Von Soden's policy in the German african colony was based upon facts, and applicant—Yes, sir. I used to take my be cooked about as rare as roast beef, so wanted it on the back of a note."

Proprietor or Restaurant—Yes, I want to the boys will think me stingy and miserly."

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that the blood runs from the knife. Birds with white flesh, like partridges, should be as well done as a barnyard fowl. A simple

rule for time allows eighteen or twenty minutes' roasting for either canvasback or redhead duck, fifteen minutes for teal, eighteen or twenty minutes for grouse, twelve or fifteen minutes for doe-birds, ten minutes for either plover or woodcock, and eight or ten minutes for English snipe. Tender, plump quail require from fifteen to eighteen minutes, and the average plump partridge from thirty-five to forty minutes. This implies the briskest heat the range oven can give, a heat that will turn a sheet of writing paper dark brown in ten minutes.

TYRANNY OF WOMEN.

Downtrodden Men Discuss Methods of Relief from Domestic Miseries.

Chicago News. It was one of the regular meetings of the Married Men's Club. One could tell they were married men by the way they hung up their hats and by their be-carefulyou'll-wake-the-baby walk. The chairman rapped for order with a cast-iron rattle. "We are met," he began in a hushed voice, "to discuss "The Tyranny of Woman.' There will be no set debate and any one can take the floor. Smoking will be allowed in this room, as the window curtains are down for repairs and will not be scented, but don't put your all feet on the furniture for fear of scratch-"Put a five-minute limit on the speeches."

begged a little man. "I've got to be home at 10 o'clock. Maria doesn't approve of late hours-she says it unfits me for business the next day."
"Huh," said his neighbor, pompously.
can stay out as late as I choose!" "Yes," snapped the little man, "but you can't lie abed Sunday morning nor bring company to dinner! I can!" "Order!" shouted the chairman. "You are wandering from the topic of the evening Will no one start the discussion?"

A stout man with side whiskers rose slowly. "Say," he asked, in a stage whisper, "are you sure there are no phonographs or stenographers around here? I'd hate to-" Amid apprehensive starts and murmurs of dismay the chairman assured the stout gentleman, who leaned over the back of an easy chair and put another question. "I'd like to find out before I begin," he said, "to which especial tyranny the topic

Groans, shrieks, hisses and derisive sarcasm assailed him and enlightened his "Oh, I see," he apologized, "it is an all-embracing tyranny. My brothers, what can I say on the subject beyond what you I the Wyoming Times, of which, as far as already know? It would be a case of wasted words, and my wife says it is a crime to waste anything, so I think I will conclude right here." He sat down amid great ap-

"if anyone can suggest to me a patent pocket lock which will insure the safety of one's pocketbook if left in the trousers pocket over night? It would save me from walking down town mornings on account of lack of car fare." A sympathizing silence, broken by one or two stined sobs from the rear of the room, was the only answer he received and, with a weary sigh, he resumed his seat. "By the way," softly broke in a man with terra cotta whiskers, "can any of the brothers recommend a safe way of choking

ing, after it has yelled three hours?" "Kill it," said the chairman. "I've always found that effective.' A nervous man sprung up at this junc-ture. "I protest," he cried. "We have not yet considered the evening's topic at all In the first place, woman is a tyrant. She was born so. Under the iron heel-theer-iron heel-"Yes," chimed in the little man, "and No. 6's at that!" There was an approving groan. When ilence again reigned a strange man, not observed before, rose from the corner "Woman is not a tynearest the door. rant," he remarked, conversationally. The club sprung to its feet. "Heretic!" it

off a healthy baby at 2 o'clock in the morn

The stranger folded his arms and awaited "Don't you have to get home early?" cried the little man. The stranger shook his head, "Nor walk the floor with the baby?" queried he of the terra cotta whiskers.

"Nor fork over all your cash?" breathed the lean man. "I rather guess not!" "Nor bow and worship?" came the chorus "Not much!" said the stranger, haughti while the club besought him to tell

hem the secret. "Well," admitted the stranger, as he edged toward the door, "you see, the fact is, I'm an unmarried man!" He escaped "The meeting," said the chairman, after a burning silence, during which the clu had listened to the stranger's firm, selfassured footsteps down the stairs, "the meeting is adjourned!"

DO CHICKENS HAVE A LANGUAGE? Here Is a Writer Who Knows They Do and What They Say.

The Sun to-day announces that a learned man in Baltimore has made the discovery that chickens have language. It must be interesting to the professor to find this out for himself, but the discovery of the fact is coeval with the discovery of chickens. Eve in Eden knew the eager cluck cluck which summons the chicks to their diet of worms, and the soft, caressing note of the mother hen as she gathereth her brood unler her wings.

Of course they have a language. Every thing that has voice has a language. What else can we name the vocal expression of emotions? Had not Alfred Tennyson a lan-guage? And what was he? "An infant crying for the light, and with no language but a cry.' More can be learned in a chicken yar

about speech than Garner could learn in his gorilla-proof cage in the African forests. There may be heard the language of love, announcements of discovery, invitations to dine, cries of alarm, shouts of defiance, challenges to combat, the cheer of victory, the muezzin's call and the hymn of the ris-In beginning to study a language it is

more difficult to distinguish sentences than single words. I am not sure, but I think I have found the words which being interpreted are: "Here is fresh lettuce, children," and "Keep close to the coop, my dears;" and once I heard a cock cry. hawk! Sauve qui peut," so plainly that I knew what he said, although he was mistaken and had been frightened by a homing Emotional expressions form only the basis

of a language, but there is in every company of well-bred fowls a multitude of low sounds which must denote interchange of ideas; and when some student of gallinaceous psychology shall translate them into our language we shall find that a chicken yard is as full of talk as a woman's club.

Taken at Her Word.

Kate Field's Washington. To be taken too literally at one's word s often more annoying than not to have proper attention paid to one's expressed wishes. This has been the experiment of a young Washingtonian who aspires to a place in the literary world. Having in contemplation a new story, she decided to go to the country for several weeks during the threes of literary composition. To this end she wrote and engaged a room in a quiet farm house, telling of her purpose in securing accommodations. At the same time she stated that she wished to be left so absolutely alone that not only was she to have the privacy of her room undisprisoner pleaded "not guilty," and his trial turbed, but she preferred not to have her was set down for Dec. 12. The proceedings thoughts interrupted by conversation while at table. The answer proving satisfactory she went down in the country for at least a fortnight's stay, after the manner of a beloved literary modei. The family at the farmhouse so faithfully carried out their part of the bargain that meals were carried on in the most profound silence. After the first greeting upon the arrival of the literary young woman she might have been housed with deaf mutes for any outward evidence to the contrary. Overtures on her part toward conversation were wholly ignored, and after three days of the most appalling silence the lonely girl, realizing that she had been beaten at her own game. gathered up her belongings and returned with all speed to Washington.

Doesn't Like Mourning Garb.

New York Mail and Express. The plainness of speech which Miss Susan B. Anthony has diligently cultivated for many years is undoubtedly an excellent thing, but it is occasionally exercised in a way not altogether agreeable to the object. As, for instance, the other day, when she was introduced to a woman in deep mourning, with some of whose relatives she was acquainted:

"For the love of mercy, child, what are you swathed in black for?" snapped out the woman's rights apostle. "Don't you senses by making them think all your family are dead?" There is at least one woman who will

Anthony's arguments. An Unappreciated Honor.

Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph. "I was asked for my autograph to-day," said Mr. Dukane to his wife, after he had taken off his overcost.

GREAT LAKE SERPENT

Monstrous Hoax Attracting People to Silver Lake in 1855.

An Ancient Story Revived by a Recent Death, That Leads to an Explanation of the Old Trick.

Among the hills of Wyoming county, New York, there is an unpretentious little lake about three miles long and three-quarters of a mile wide, which, some forty years ago, was the scene of perhaps the largest and most deliberate hoax of antebellum days. The sea serpent is now a joke so old that it has almost ceased to be interesting, but the sea serpent which appeared in Silver lake in 1855 was a monster so horrible, a sensation so thrilling, that Wyoming county, and wellnigh all western New York, flocked to the lake shore, and thousands of people actually camped out for days in the vicinity. The quiet waters of the lake, its gently sloping shores, mostly cultivated to the water's edge, and the occasional summer cottage, do not seem to offer inspiration for producing the biggest fake of the time, and the man who planned it and carried it out unsuspected amid all the pressure of the excitement he produced, was surely a genius who was not born to blush unseen. His name was Walker, and, like the famous Riley in the song, he kept a hotel. Walker's death not long ago at Peary, N. Y., near the scene of his exploits, makes it timely and appropriate to retell the story of the great Silver lake sea serpent. Many of the older inhabitants of the region vividly recall the excitement and wonder which the serpent occasioned, but the best account is to be found in the columns of the writer has been able to learn, but one file now exists. With the issue of the Times for July 18, 1855, the peaceful village life of Peary, N. Y., was rudely interrupted. A "scare" head, double leads and all the ly forty years ago, contributed to make that issue of the Times memorable. It seems six young men rowed out on the lake for a nocturnal fishing excursion, equipped with a large supply of balt, but as the Times solemnly declares not a drop of liquor was on board the boat. The fishing party rowed steadily up the lake until near the middle and off the northeast shore they anchored and threw over their lines. About 9 o'clock the man sitting in the stern whispered to the others to look at the enormous log floating on the surface of the lake about a dozen yards away. It appeared to be eighty or one hundred feet long. The fishing party liscussed the phenomenon with much interest, but as the seeming log did not move for fifteen or twenty minutes and the fish were biting well, they became less watchful, and were surprised half an hour afterwards to find that the log-like object had gone. Ten minutes later, however, it had reappeared,

rified tones, "Boys, that thing is moving." THE MONSTER APPEARS. The creature's head was now within three rods, parting the waves on each side like the bow of a boat. The fishing party were terrified beyond description. One of them attempted to cut the anchor rope, but lost his knife overboard, and pulled up the anchor as best he could. The others fell over each other to reach the oars, and in a moment were rowing like mad for the western shore, but the monster, which had dived and reappeared several times as they started, suddenly appeared within four feet of the stern of the boat, and raised his horrible and repusive front twelve feet above the surface of the lake before the eyes of the terrified fishermen, and then diving again it lashed the water with its tail until the rowboat was . nearly capsized. Beaching the boat at the nearest point, regardless of destination, the fishermen tramped home and told their strange experience.

and the man in the stern called out in hor-

"We will say for the benefit of the in-redulous," solemnly adds the Wyoming Times, "that these men are persons of in-They would be believed in this community in any ordinary matter of man The next evening four young men living near the western shore went swimming in the lake. They had heard of the events of the previous night, and they laughed at the whole story, but had scarcely come out of the water when their amusement was changed to horror by observing the log-like form of the monster some dis-tance away on the surface. After moving about it disappeared. The local excitement now began to rise Stories of Indian legends, strange tales handed down from the first settlers, and especially of one spot in the lake where no sounding line had ever touched bottom, were told. Regarding this spot, the theory was advanced and found many believers. that there was a subterranean connection

with Lake Ontario, and thus a monster of the great lakes had appeared in quiet little Silver lake. This story traveled through he surrounding villages, and from Cestile, Pike, Nunda, Portage, Geneseo and Mt. Morris teams and even pedestrians began to appear, who made for the shore of the lake and in many cases actually camped out, determined to catch a glimpse of the monster. In the meantime, at Perry, the nearest village to the lake, a vigilance society was formed, and by the 24th of July the members were ready for business. That evening, however, the rain fell in torrents and no effort was made to prosecute the search. The next night, however, three boatloads of watchers were kept on the lake, and again the next night, but no monster appeared. The next afternoon two farmers at work near the shore saw the log-like form out in the lake, and in a few minutes it disappeared. Later they declared to an open-mouthed audience: "Mebbe that weren't the serpent, but if it was, we saw it.

That night the vigilance society again saw nothing. The next morning, however, Saturday, July 28, the serpent appeared before the eyes of a whole family-father, mother, daughter and two boys-who were out fishing, and they made for the shore in a ter-

rified state. The vigilance society immediately secured affidavits and a minute account of the monster was promptly published. The body was copper-colored, and the head. which was held a yard above water, was as large as a calf's head. All of which was "subscribed and sworn to before me this 31st day of July, 1855. Cyrus Merrill, jus-

tice of the peace." WANTED TO HARPOON IT. The excitement about the lake was rapidly increasing. The next week found a swarm of boats out at all hours, the most persistent investigator being one Daniel Smith, a veteran whaler, who had just returned from a four years' whaling voyage. Smith heard the serpent story, went out on the lake and actually saw the serpent, He hurried ashore, constructed a harpoon of immense size, a lance and all the weapons for capturing a whate, and returning to the lake sat hour after hour every day in his boat awaiting the monster, but in vain. Wednesday, Aug. 1, while no boats were out, the monster was seen by six people sunning itself on the surface and floundering about. This seemed to establish the existence of the serpent without a doubt. The excitement grew and the throng at the lake kept increasing. Walker's Hotel was crowded. Between the 1st and 15th the excitement was at fever heat. Smith, the harpooner, was reinforced by enterprising fishermen, who constructed fishhooks as large as ice tongs, baited them with live chickens and ducks and used clotheslines for twine. Scoffers who went down to the lake to laugh at the whole thing, seeing Smith, the harpooner, with his paraphernalia, the men with the chicken bait, the flotilla of the vigilance society, and the immense throng of strangers, began to believe in the serpent themselves, and everybody conceded "that there was something in the lake." On Friday, the 4th, the monster was seen swore as follows:

by two men, and on the 15th Edward Fanning, of Perry, had a good look at it. He About fifteen rods from where I was standing a monster of a serpent rose out know better than to go about dressed up of the water, exhibiting at least eight feet like that, frightening people out of their | of the forward portion of its body above the water. In a few seconds he disappeared. In about three minutes after he again came to the surface, the same never be made a suffragist by any of Miss length being exposed to view. He remained on the surface at least three minutes, making evolutions similar to those of a snake. The third time he came up he sported on the water, drew up his body as a snake does, dove down his head portion and projected portions of his body out of water as though full of These movements continued nearly half an "Were you?" asked his wife, in a tone of hour. His body was as large as a barrel, admiration. "You must be really getting his head at least a toot in diameter. He

His length, I should think, was at least one hundred feet. He was fifteen or sixteen rods from me, was of a beautiful dark green color, and perfectly smooth. I will be twenty-one years of age in April next. I do solemnly swear and certify that the above statement which I have related and which has been read to me, is true to my own knowledge. EDWIN FANNING. Subscribed and sworn before me, this Subscribed and 1855.

15th day of August, 1855.

CYRUS MERRILL.

Justice of the Peace. We, the undersigned, have known Edwin Fanning, of whose statement is above recorded, for several years. He is a resident of this village, he has always maintained a good character, and is a young man of intelligence, truth and veracity. CYRUS MERRILL,

H. N. PAGE, HIGGINS, P. BULLARD, W. BAILEY, B. HIGGINS CALVIN P. BAILEY. C. L. HATCH.

Thus was the presence of the serpent offi-cially certified. The excitement was now at its height. The travel from all the surrounding country toward the lake was like teaming to a county fair. In Perry—which town, as nearest the lake, considered that it must take the lead in action—a public meeting was held and an organization known as the Experiment Company was formed, with a capital stock of \$1,000, and the officers went up to Buffalo to consult Lake Erie fishermen and secure divers. In the meantime at the lake Smith, the harpooner, and the men with chicken hooks had been reinforced by Mr. Joshua Jenks, of Nunda, who arrived with a double-barreled shotgun. Mr. Jenks occupied the shore, while the others cruised. The monster was being homed in, and though seen twice again, his appearances ceased, the crowd dwindled away and by Sept. 15 even Smith, the harpooner, and Joshua

How do Walker and the hoax come in, do

you ask? Well, that's the point. Four years ago, thirty-four years after the serpent sensation, Walker's barn caught fire. His neighbors flocked to his aid, but most of the structure was burned. In the debris was found about eighty feet of huge but very old hose piping painted a dull keg. It was badly charred by the fire, but had apparently been fashioned to represent a rude head. greenish color. Attached to one end was a

Presume you noticed above that Walker kept a hotel on the lake shore. He needed summer boarders badly; but although Walker's Hotel is still the largest on the lake, it is said that the summer of 1855 was the biggest season Walker ever had.

SOME SHORT STORIES

that the previous Friday evening a party of | Brief Tales and Incidents Picked Up About the City.

> Fair Forgers Who Enjoyed a Wedding -Philanthropic Ideals Shattered-The Foetball Bores.

There are three fair forgers in Indianapo-

lis. They are young ladies who, although there is little danger of their being hauled before the courts of law for their offense, are daily shivering in their little boots lest in some unlooked for manner they may be detected and banished from the exclusive realm in which they move. The girls are neighbors and particularly fast friends. Usually each of them attends all entertainments given by their set, but recently when the invitations were issued for a wedding but one of the trio was among the favored few. The young lady who received the invitation found in her envelope a small pasteboard which read in ordinary black ink: "Admit to church." It was intense disappointment that her two friends found themselves among the forgotten. Nearly everybody in that section of the city was going, the two slighted ones learned, and with the assistance of their lucky friend they met in a council of war. It was decided that the ticket could be easily forged. One of the girls proposed this scheme, but the others stood appalled at the proposal. Finally desperation reconciled them to accept the plan and it was carried out. The wedding night came around and the three daintily-clad maidens presented themselves at the door of the church. One of the fair plotters carried the tickets, and with nervous little fingers she opened her purse to get them. Horrors. there were but two. The genuine check had been lost, and there they were with a couple of spurious ones. After a hurried consultation it was decided to work a bold "game of bluff." The girl with the two forged tickets stepped forward with all the assumed confidence of a dozen men and presented the cards. The door-keeper took them. He looked critically at the tickets, then gazed into the abashed eyes of the applicants, and with an exasperating smile of derision politely stepped aside. The old-time aphorism regarding ill-gotten gains, etc., proved itself false on this occasion, for the three forgers enjoyed the wedding

without a pang of conscious gilt. Mrs. B.'s charitable disposition received a very severe shock the other day. She is a young married woman whose husband has an excellent practice and they live very comfortably, even luxuriously. She has read much of the distress among the poor this winter and her tender heart has been terribly wrenched by it. Like many another good and lovable woman of Indianapolis, she has not only joined sewing circles, but has been practicing severe economy, not only upon her table but upon her dress as well and turning all she saved over to the charity organization. The other day she was called to the door to greet a young woman of pinched features, thinly clad who poured a tale of distress into her ears little worse than any she had heard. The young woman's husband had been out of work three months and was now lying very Two children were sick and weak They had no money and had had nothing to eat but bread and water for three days. The gas company had shut off the gas and this very day the wagon from an installment house had backed up and carried off their stove. Could not the kind lady give her a little something to buy bread? Mrs. B. was deeply touched. "Just wait a minute," she exclaimed, "until I get my hat and cloak. I'll go right home with you and see that you get what you need." And she rushed to the bedroom to get her wraps. When she returned the young woman had gone and was sailing down the street as rapidly as her feet could carry her. It was money she wanted, not assistance.

Bill and his friend were coming down from Crown Hill on a North Illinois-street car. Bill had just lost his job, which consisted of employment in digging a foundation for a new house. He saw no prospect of getting another job, and this made him despondent, for there were four mouths about his table three times a day. Yet he was in good health, and Mary and the babies had never felt better. Opposite the two laboring men was a portly young man, dressed in the height of fashion. His tan gloves matched his well-oiled tan shoes; his mackintosh could have cost no less than \$18, and besides it had oilskin wristlets to protect the lily white wrists from the dampness of the day. His tie was quite fashionable, his trousers were properly creased; his cheeks were fat from high living. In a chipper way he puckered his mouth and started to whistle a gay air. "Now," said Bill to his companion, "look at that young blood over there with his rich clothes on. He's got nothing to worry him like I have. I reckon his father gives him all the money he wants. I wish the Lord would let me trade places with him for the next three years." Presently the portly young man stopped whistling and got off the car. Bill did not know who he was. A man next to Bill was "That's Schuyler Haughey," the smiling man said. Of all the bores to whose idiosyncracies

the newspaper man is subjected he most dreads the football crank. The trouble about him is that he is usually a young man of superfluous leisure and never dreams that anybody else is busy. It seems the most natural thing in the world for him to call up a newspaper by telephone half a dozen times every Saturday night to learn the result of all the football games. There are two or three hundred such young men in Indianapolis, and it comes pretty near occupying one man's time to answer them. On election nights the newspapers expect inquiries and detail a man to answer the telephone, but they can hardly afford to do this every Saturday night.

One Chance for a Good Name. Chicago Record.

"Dear father." wrote James from his college, "if you don't let me have more money

37 and 39 South Illino's St.

ALWAYS

UP TO THE TIMES.

AND ALL THE WEEK

From 8 in the morning until 10 at night. LOWEST PRICES ever known to suit these hard times.

THE CLOAK SALE.

Jackets going for \$1.90, worth

Jackets going for \$2.50, worth

Fur - trimmed Jackets, worth \$12.50, going for \$5. Fur - trimmed Jackets, worth \$15, going for \$6.90.

Cape Jackets, fur-edged, worth \$10, going for \$5. Cape Jackets, fur-edged, worth \$15, going for \$7.50. Cape Jackets, fur-edged, worth \$18.50, going for \$9.90.

THE FUR SALE.

Big lot Fur Cony Muffs, were \$1, to-morrow's price 19c. Cony Fur Capes, 22 inches long, going for \$3.50. Astrakan Capes, 23 inches long, going for \$4.98.

Astrakan Military Capes, 30 inches long, for \$14.95. Children's Cloaks.

dren's and Misses' Gretchens, most all sizes, worth \$8.50, in this sale to-morrow choice \$3.98.

Two hundred and fifty Chil-

Blankets Sacrificed. \$2 Blankets for 98c a pair. \$4 Blankets for \$2.25 a pair.

\$7 Blankets for \$3.98 a pair.

Men's, Ladies' and Children's Underwear Sale To-Morrow.

All-wool Scarlet Underwear at All-wool Scarlet Underwear at

49c. All-wool Scarlet Underwear at All-wool Scarlet Underwear at

Men's White Dress Shirts going for 35c. Two hundred silk-finished Henrietta and changeable novelty Dress Patterns—a great bargain

for \$1.75 a suit. Cheap sale Silks to-morrow.

37 and 39 S. III nois St.

THE FIRE IN THE KITCHEN STOVE. A Cooking-School Teacher Talks to Unfortunates Who Use Coal.

Philadelphia Times. Standing beside the big range which furnishes the text for her sermon on fires Mrs. Rorer said: "I could talk all the afternoon on the different kinds of stoves, but the principles involved would be the same. All ranges are built on very much the same scientific plan, and it does not matter if the damper pulls out or pushes in, when the results are the same.

"The difficulty is we women use so little common sense where machinery is concerned, consequently enough coal is thrown away in an American family in a few months as would last a foreign household a whole year. Let me call your attention to the first point-always have a large firebox and always a small fire. Never have a red-hot stove top. A red top always indicates a cool oven and a waste of coal." "How much coal do you put on, Mrs. Rorer?" floated up from a corner of the room where the number and style of the bonnets would have kept a milliner in stock the entire winter season. "The fire," replied the oracle, "should be kept clear and even with the fire box. Every piece of coal above the level of the fire

Mrs. Rorer next explained the purposes of the dampers. "I would advise every housekeeper to put a padlock on this, touching the damper above the oven, "thereby saving several tons of coal.' "How much coal should I use in a winter?" interposed a housewife in the front row, who had a far-away look in her eyes, as if ruminating on the insatiable bunger

brick is worse than if it had never been

of her coal scuttle. "Where you heat the water and do the cooking, too, one ton should last six "Mrs. Rorer, how do you fix your fire?" came with the quick report of a gun fully loaded and glad to be fired. "If you mean this," digging out a hole in the air with a poker improvised from her arm, "I never do it. I never poke a fire, and I've been at housekeeping twentyseven years." Then, seeing row after row of eyes bulging out with astonishment at the pretty complexion and well-preserved shapeliness of the woman before them, she added: "Oh, you musn't think that I'm by any means as young as I look!"

Identity.

Detroit Tribune. The great chandellers shed a blaze of glory over fair women and brave men. Soft music and the perfume of rare flowers pleased the senses. It was a function.

Two women had entered the room un-The tall creature with a thin nose bent low her head and whispered to the fat vision with a double chin Show me the man you love so distract-A pair of baby-blue eyes scanned the guests eagerly. The tall man by the man-Two haughty lips parted with a gasp of astonishment "Why, I had always heard that your fiance is short." Two cheeks of damask flushed faintly.